The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Hermitage and Chapel of Muswell, Oxon.

In the reign of William Rufus, Guido de Ryhale, and Joan de Piddington, his wife, gave Muswell, then an extremely solitary place in Piddington parish, to one Ralph, a hermit, who built a hermitage just below the brow of the hill towards Brill, and dedicated the chapel belonging thereunto to the honour of the Holy Cross. His austerity and sanctity so much recommended him to the favour of the lord and lady, that they endowed his chapel with the tithe of pannage, common of pasture, wood for the repair of houses and hedges, and some acres of meadow.

These endowments having provided for the perpetual support of a chaplain, that the divine offices might be continued duly to the end of time, with the consent of his patrons, Ralph shortly after conveyed the hermitage, with all its endowments, to Missenden Abbey, trusting that this religious community would specially provide for the observance thereof. Guido not long surviving this transaction, it was confirmed to the abbot and convent by Joan, his widow, Robert, bishop of Lincoln, and Robert, archdeacon of Oxford. Subsequent benefactors also arose, who increased its revenues by lands and rents, and the whole remained annexed to the chapel of St. Cross and the convent of Missenden till the latter end of the thirteenth century, when the brethren of that house, for certain considerations, divided the estate between the convent of St. Indesoide at Oxford, and John de Plessetts and his heirs. From this period the chapel was considered as an appendage of the manor, and a small salary was allowed to some neighbouring priest to perform the duties, the congregation usually consisting of the family of the lord of the manor and his tenants, excepting on the festivals of the Invention and Exaltation of the Cross, when it was usual for the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages to make solemn processions, and then spend the remainder of the festival in sports and pastimes consonant to the manners of the age. These services continued until the dissolution of the monasteries, perhaps as long as the estate remained in the hands of the Dynhams.

The site of the hermitage is now occupied by a framed brick building bearing that name, but exhibiting none of the characteristics of remote antiquity. It is used as a farm-house, and has been in-

habited by Mr. James Griffin, an aged farmer, and his father, for nearly a century past. Built on the steep slope of the hill, the architect has availed himself of the situation, and, by the erection of doors in the two lower stories, enabled the inhabitants to walk into the fields from either floor, without the intervention of a staircase. The rooms partake of the same irregularity, and some of them are several feet higher than the rest. To complete the singularity, nearly half of the chief apartment, called the house, is elevated so much above the other part, that it is necessary to ascend three or four steps in passing from side to side; and these steps are said to divide the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, and the parishes of Brill and Piddington. Formerly this boundary was so much regarded, that at every parochial perambulation it was customary to thrust a boy through a small window, now stopped up, and compel him to pass along one of the steps between two beams, and so through the house, to mark the limits of each parish. But at all late processions the practice has been to leave the house altogether in Oxfordshire, and pass close to the south side. Perhaps the spot thus precisely marked was originally the mouth of the cave, or dwelling, which the hermit hollowed out on the side of the hill, and that the inhabitants of the two parishes anciently passed in procession close by it to obtain his blessing. The chapel of St. Cross stood a few yards above the house, but was desecrated long beyond the memory of man. Mr. Griffin says, the edifice was about fifty feet long, and of a proportionate breadth, having a large window filled with tracery at the east end, and others on the sides; when he was a lad, his father used it for a cart-hovel. It was taken down about forty years back; and some time ago, when Mr. Griffin himself caused the foundations to be dug up, a human skeleton (apparently that of a youth who had not wholly shed his teeth) was discovered just without the chancel wall; but there were no traces of sepulture within, nor was any thing found worth preservation. There is now no remnant of antiquity existing on this spot; and nothing but its loneliness can induce the contemplative stranger to believe that it has been the site of a religious foundation.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Among the numerous projects started by Joint Stock Companies, none appears so likely to transmit to posterity the daring ingenuity of the present generation as the Thames Tunnel;* a work in which the boldest conceptions and the most novel ideas are united.

The Tunnel will consist of two archways, and in order that there may be no obstruction to carriages, &c. those going from the north to the south shore will pass through one, while those from the south to the north, through the other archway. These passages are to be Macadamized, and there will be distinct footpaths for foot passengers. In the centre, between the two archways and dividing the two roads, are a line of numerous arches of communication, spacious enough to admit of persons passing from one road to the other, and in each of these will be fixed a strong gas light. The approaches to the Tunnel will be by circular descents; that on the south side of the river just below Rotherhithe church, and about two miles from London Bridge, on the opposite shore, the descent will be at the eastern end of the London Dock, in Old Gravel Lane.

The dimensions of the Tunnel are about thirty-five feet in breadth and twenty feet in height. The excavators are defended from any falling of earth, &c. by working in frames constructed so as to fill the whole body of the Tunnel; these frames are divided into cells, and thirty-six men are thus made to carry on the excavation with perfect safety and uniform celerity. As fast as the earth is excavated to its proper dimensions the bricklayers follow and construct the arch which forms the Tunnel. They are now passing through a very strong blue clay, which almost assumes the qualities of pipe-clay, and is equally capable of resisting water. This strata of clay is supposed to rise twelve feet above the top of the archway; so that all thoughts of miscarriage from any inundation are completely set at rest.

The Tunnel is now proceeding with uncommon regularity, from thirteen to eighteen feet of it being completed every week; and already upwards of 200 feet of this great undertaking is finished.

With steady perseverance, no doubt can now be entertained of its final accomplishment, and future generations will, I trust, reap the advantages of the spirited individuals who now direct this grand commercial enterprise.

I am, Sir, &c.

Rotherhithe, D. J.
Sept. 7, 1826.

* For an engraving of the "Tunnel under the River Thames" with description, and other notices, see pp. 322, 323, and 370, vol. iii. of the Mirror.

OLYMPIC GAMES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—It is an inferior matter of what our diversified amusements are composed so that the diurnal scene is shifted, and that they

"contain no poison and convey no pain."

The philosopher has found a pleasure in trifling, and has also looked upon such with contempt at another time, and in thus acting only imitates the most of men.

As every new year is productive of new evils, so we, in relation to humble amusements, the more become the slaves of those who wield the sullen sceptre. There has been a time when every *month* produced its welcome joys. Of these our national indulgencies we are now destitute; and yet the great bulk of the English middle class of society have a strong inclination for humble amusements. The suppression of them, therefore, will not divest them of their remembrance, which will manifest itself whenever an opportunity offers; like the cat, fabled by Æsop, that was transformed to a woman, who sat quietly until the mouse ran before her.

Deprived, as these individuals are, of all the pleasing methods of passing a leisure hour, it is gratifying to observe the existence of the institutions for mechanics, and the society for gymnastics. The former, contemptible as some individuals have endeavoured to make them appear, must evidently tend to the advancement of knowledge by the expansion of those faculties which God gave to be exercised; while the latter, under judicious arrangements, cannot fail to produce valuable results.

Most nations, ancient and modern, have been distinguished by some peculiar species of amusement. As regards gymnastics, we have been exceeded in them by the French, Germans, Italians, and Indians; indeed, by Englishmen, they have been entirely neglected, though a more essential requisite in England than in any other country in Europe.

Of the various games of different nations, there are few, perhaps, (more especially if we notice the period when they were exercised,) governed by better *rules* than those under which the Olympic games were conducted. Immediately before any of the candidates for engaging appeared, a herald proclaimed his *entre*, and demanded to know if any one knew him to be a profligate character, or guilty of any particular crime—or even guilty of any tyrannical actions—and if any such were alleged against him, he was not permitted to contend for the prizes, and stripped of all honours; but if all remained silent, he was suffered to contend. The most solemn declarations were made both by judges that awarded, and those that received the prizes, that the strictest justice had been observed. Those that were fortunate in gaining prizes had innumerable privileges granted to them; they were allowed to fight nearest the king in battle, and were always looked upon as men who had conferred great honour upon the state. Indeed, generally speaking, though some of their practices were rather of a barbarous character, they had a better tendency than might have been supposed. They, in the first instance, occupied that time which otherwise would have been ill spent. Again, they made the combatants athletic and healthy, and lastly, strongly acted as a promotion to honest and moral conduct. Regulated as they were, they were deemed as a badge of honour, and a passport for any purpose.

Amongst these games, foot-racing was the most ancient of the whole, and then wrestling; but the more inferior classes would sometimes *indulge* themselves, with a species of boxing of a cruel nature.

As it appears somewhat probable that gymnastics will, ere long, become a requisite in our respectable establishments for learning, I could wish to see some of these Olympic rules observed, by which process a double purpose would be answered.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. B. C.

ON THE EYES OF FLIES.

(For the Mirror.)

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly."

The eyes of flies are of a reticulated texture, and each reticulated eye of this kind is truly an assemblage of multitudes, often of many thousands of small but perfect eyes. Mr. Hook computed 14,000 hemispheres in two eyes of a drone; Mr. Lewenhoeck reckoned 6,236 in a silkworm's two eyes in its fly-state; 3,181 in each eye of a beetle; and 8,000 in the two eyes of a common fly. The pearl-eyes of the dragon fly appear with a common reading-glass like shagreen; and Mr. Lewenhoeck reckons in each eye of this insect 12,544 lenses, placed in an hexangular position, each lens having six others round it, which is also the order most common in other eyes. He likewise observed in the centre of each lens a minute transparent spot, brighter than the rest, and supposed to be the pupil

through which the rays of light are transmitted upon the retina. This spot had three circles surrounding it, and seemed seven times less than the diameter of the whole lens. We see here (says Baker) in each of these exceedingly minute lenticular surfaces, as much anatomy in the figure and polish, and as much contrivance and beauty, as in the eye of a whale or an elephant; and how delicate, how exquisitely delicate must the filaments of the retina be, which serve to each of these, since the whole picture of objects painted thereon must be millions of times less than the images of them pictured on the human eye! The above are striking instances of Divine geometry and optics. Adams on the microscope, page 376, says, "the eyes (of the libellula, or dragon flies) are so perfectly smooth and polished, that when viewed as an opaque object, they will, like so many mirrors, reflect the images of all the surrounding objects. The figure of a candle may be seen multiplied almost to infinity, and one soldier reflected would appear an army on their surfaces, shifting its beam to each eye according to the motion given it by the observer's hands."

P. T. W.

ON PLANTS.

(For the Mirror.)

NOTHING is more truly delightful to a refined mind than the study of nature in all her varied charms. The numerous and wild productions of the field are particularly deserving of our attention, not only for their medicinal qualities, but for the remarkable properties they possess of providing for their *own* security.

If we thrust a pole into the earth at a considerable distance from a running or climbing plant, it will *instinctively* direct its course to the pole, attach itself to it, and rise to its natural height. A hop-plant, twisting round a pole, directs its course from south to west as does the sun; but if we untwist and fasten it in the opposite direction it will die. When a plant of woodbine proceeds in its course till it is too long for supporting itself, it receives strength by shooting into a spiral. If two of these plants happen to meet, they will unite for mutual aid; one stretching itself to the right and the other to the left, in order to catch hold of whatever twigs come in their way. By twisting the branch of a young and tender tree, so as to invert its leaves, and leaving it in that position, we may find, by close observation, that it will gradually recover its real position, and proceed in its usual course.

Thus we see that plants, if not under the careful eye of man, have the wonderful power bestowed on them by the Great Supreme of providing for their own welfare like rational beings. How efficacious is the will of our Creator!

——"When I forget *the darling theme*—
Whether the blossom blows; the summer ray
Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

G. W. N.

ABBEYS AND CATHEDRALS.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the powerful impressions which for the time so greatly influence the feelings, there is none more awfully and generally experienced than on the entrance into a fine abbey or cathedral, which with some is capable of producing so sublime a pleasure, and so powerfully awakens the curiosity and interest, that it may be almost styled a passion. But it is reserved for hearts of profound sensibility, and in whom the love of the Supreme Being is a sentiment interwoven with their souls, to taste this pleasure in all its purity.

A solitary wanderer of this description, whose heart has been touched by sorrow destined to be shut up in his own bosom, is, of all others, the most calculated to experience from such scenes a pensive and congenial pleasure, proceeding from the most refined and elevated part of his nature.

Escaping from the noise and bustle, and uninteresting occupations of common life, in which his feelings can take no part, every circumstance here surrounding him, by the contrast it affords, has an increased effect. An old verger attends with bent and fragile form, pale countenance, and hollow eye, which is shaded by a few scattered locks silvered by the hand of time, and which indicate that he is on the point of relinquishing his employment for ever. The moment he enters the sacred precincts he uncovers his head; this simple action, scarcely observed at any other time, affects him differently, it seems the involuntary influence of the scene, the respect and homage of the heart alone. He shuts the massive door, and as its echoes reverberate through the edifice, the outward world is at once excluded, and the stranger is devoted to the sensations he already begins to experience. At every step they increase and awaken; the sound of their feet, the sound of their voice, every thing combines to affect him; he dreads even

the slightest interruption that might tend to destroy the impressions which the solemnity of the scene has already produced. He considers the divine essence as diffused through the whole church, and which seems to say "God is here!"

The immense height of the fretted roof; the high, arched windows, painted with the history of saints; the fine perspective formed by the ranges of pillars which divide the aisles; the highly ornamented chapels, tombs, and monuments above, beneath, and all around; the interesting legends handed down from age past, which the venerable verger, from time to time, relates of days that are gone, may truly be said, in the words of the bard, to be "pleasant and mournful to the soul."

The organ next attracts attention; that gigantic, noble, and appropriate instrument, consecrated to God, and destined to raise the soul to Him who made it. The mitred pulpit hung with draperies of velvet and gold, to give outward dignity to him who is destined to expound from thence the sublime truths of our religion; till proceeding onward, at length they approach the altar. Here the impressions are all more concentrated, more mixed; the stranger trembles, sighs, shudders; those thoughts which had fled to heaven, are now again returned to earth. The verger alarmed, approaches, speaks; the stranger hears him not, for he sees the spot which awakens all his sorrows, where he had plighted his vows to one beloved, lamented, gone for ever! He leans against the railing which surrounds the altar, then kneels and addresses an ardent prayer to heaven. He looks up, and as he does so, a sudden stream of light passing through the fine Gothic window above, falls full upon an exquisite painting by one of the finest masters. He beholds our Saviour suffering on the cross—what a revolution takes place in his feelings—a hectic flush crosses his cheek, his spirit is chastened, his own sorrows are forgotten, he blushes to have felt them; his eyes are bent to the ground, he humbles himself, and again rises, if not consoled, at least resigned.

He again slowly follows his venerable guide, repasses the whole length of the cathedral, and at the extremity of one of the aisles he is attracted by a monument, apparently of recent construction and of peculiar elegance and simplicity. It was of virgin marble, and the design was an urn half shaded by a veil, half by a broken lily. On a small tablet beneath was an inscription, which the stranger approached to read, but in breathless agitation instantly exclaimed, O heaven, how wonderful! It was to the memory of Matilda, the name of her he lamented. His bosom wound is again opened and bleeds in thought afresh; but almost at the same moment the organ is softly touched and a fine service began, which swelling into a solemn but beautiful harmony, tears soon relieved his oppressed heart. It was congenial to his feelings, and his soul was soothed. O say what hall of banquet, what temple of luxury can produce effects like these?*

* The little incident which is wove here into the general feeling is no fiction.

TO THE AVON.

(For the Mirror.)

Gentle Avon! gentle Avon.
Thy sweet bard is gone!
His harp is broken, gentle Avon!
Yet still thy stream flows on.

Many an age may fly, Avon,
Ere thou be no more;
But never shalt thou see again
A Shakspeare on thy shore.

Many years have fled, Avon,
Since thy hour of pride;
Thy bard sleeps with the dead, Avon,
He haunts no more thy side.

Thy bowers are forsaken,
Like caverns by the deep;
But kindred souls alone are seen,
Who wander forth to weep.

Montague.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

ASSURANCE.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis now-a-days a common case
For some to carry in their face
Of brass a *quantum suff.*;
This, without any aid of mine,
The reader may with ease divine,
And witness facts enough.

Indeed, without a *decent* share,
Some folks would rather queerly fare,
Whose credit is, so-so;
And where they have no other means
To get their bread but shuffling schemes,
It helps them on, you know.

Did you but see them, when abroad,
And hear them bounce and brag, good Lord!
You'd think them wealthy folks;
They talk of stock in *Three's* and *Four's*,
Of freeholds, leaseholds, many scores
And thus the ninnies hoax.

With dukes and lords they're mighty thick,
And call them Fred, and Tom, and Dick,
(Behind their backs, d'ye see;)
For, were they *in persona* there,
These swells would take especial care
They did not make so free.

Assurance keeps these *modest* Jacks
With half a shirt about their backs,
Though *outsides* are so gay;
They've scarce a room, much less a house!
Their cupboards would not tempt a mouse!
Or purse a doit display!

'Twould rather lengthy swell my verse,
And patience tire, should I rehearse
But *half* the tricks we see;
They just contrive to shun the paw
Of that terrific monster, law,
And bilk the *hangman's fee!*

So now, methinks, 'tis fully time
To clap Joe Miller's tale in rhyme,
For fear my readers say,
"I'd rather you were less diffuse,
And much desire you'll bid your muse
Proceed without delay."

A fellow, just like one of these,
Did in a street—'twas—where you please,
A gentleman accost,
"Sir, if a five pound note you'll lend,
'Twill me exceedingly befriend,
As all my own I've lost."

"What!" said the man, with much surprise,
"To you? on whom I ne'er set eyes,
And never may again!
cannot, for my life, conclude
Why you presume to act so rude—
Your meaning now explain."

"Sir," he rejoin'd, "the reason I
To such as *know me not* apply,
(For once I now speak true,)
Is, that I'm well aware 'tis vain
To think a farthing to obtain
From one of those who *do*."

JACOBUS.

THE SPIRE OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH REFLECTED IN THE AIR.

(For the Mirror.)

THE footpath on the north side of Fleet-street, on the evening of Friday, Sept. 15th, was for some time rendered nearly impassable by the collected crowds, attracted by the appearance of a curious phenomenon in the atmosphere, the spire of St. Bride's church, when viewed at an angle of about 45 degrees, being seen clearly defined in a reflection in the air. This phenomenon is explained by English philosophers, who have treated on horizontal reflection. A similar phenomenon took place during the French invasion of Egypt. The French sailors called it *mirage*. In the course of their march through the desert, the villages seen at a distance seemed to be built on an island in the middle of a lake. In proportion as they approached, the apparent surface of the water became narrower; when they were only at a small distance, it disappeared, and the same illusion began in regard to the next village. It often happens at sea, that a ship seen at a distance appears as if painted in the sky, and not to be supported by the water. M. Monge read a memoir to the institute at Cairo on this subject.

P. T. W.

Scientific Amusements.

No. XV.

CHEMICAL.

AFFINITY is the principle of all chemical operations, which enables us to decompose certain bodies, or to compound others. Some substances have a greater affinity or certain tendency to unite with other bodies, but not in a like degree. Upon this principle it is that we are enabled to compound and decompose. A general idea of chemical affinity may be obtained by the following

EXPERIMENT.

COMMON salt, when thrown into pure water, melts, and very soon diffuses itself through the whole of the liquid. The salt is now combined with the water, and cannot be separated by filtration, or any mechanical means; but if a quantity of spirits of wine be poured into the solution, the whole of the salt immediately falls to the bottom. The spirit of wine has a stronger affinity for water than salt has; the water leaves the salt to unite with the spirit; and the salt being unsupported, falls to the bottom.

CRYSTALLIZATION.

MANY substances in nature are found in a state of crystallization. This arises from their having been formerly in a liquid state, and upon returning to a solid form, having the property of forming themselves into crystals. This property all salts are known to possess. This may be illustrated by the following simple

EXPERIMENT.

DISSOLVE some alum in water; place in the solution any body, such as a cinder, iron, wire, or what may be at hand; set it in a quiet place, and the alum will deposit itself in a crystallized form.

PRECIPITATION.

TWO bodies, when in solution, may be separated by the introduction of a third, which is called precipitation. As for

EXPERIMENT.

DIP the blade of a knife into a combination of copper and nitric acid, and the copper will be deposited upon the blade of the knife; the acid combines with the

lord, and in so doing precipitates the copper on the surface of the blade.

ACIDITY

Is the result of the combination of oxygen with combustible substances, which gives them an acid taste. This the following simple experiment will explain:—

EXPERIMENT.

Put some thread, dipped in sulphur, into a vessel floating on water; set fire to them, and cover the whole with an inverted glass; it will be filled with a dense white vapour, which will soon become again transparent. The water will have acquired a suffocating odour and acid taste; this is sulphurous acid.

TIMOTHEUS.

The Novelist.

No. LXXXVIII.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S RETURN.

MANY, many years, ay, centuries ago—a feast was held in the castle of Oban, to celebrate the anniversary of the birth-day of its young and absent lord. He was one of the children of the ocean, and long had his home been there; but now he was on his voyage back to the towers of his fathers, and every heart in the hall was filled with the joy of hope. There, sate beside his stately and high-born mother, the lady whom the chieftain loved—and as she touched the harp to a song that she herself had framed, both music and poetry, a song of hail and welcome to the ship, that bore the princely youth, then stemming the midnight deep, bright was she as one of the virgins that harped to Ossian at the Feast of Shells, and beneath the power of her inspired beauty the assembled vassalage were all still as death.

> Whether the ship, in roaring motion
> Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
> Or silent lie in pleasant sleep,
> Anchor'd beneath the palmy steep,
> Temper, O Lord! the sun and air
> To him, the home-bound mariner—
> And gently drop the midnight dew
> On him and all his gallant crew!

The song ceased, and the lady was leaning on her harp, when, tossing his arms aloft, and with his large, wild, coal-black eyes staring fixedly from below a heap of matted hair, up rose the Seer, and in ghastly wailings prophesied shipwreck and a drowning death. Far off through the rising tempest he heard—and he alone—the distress-gun—a vain pealing of succour, that came not from earth or heaven—and then a troop of ghosts paced, with blue-swollen faces, along the sands, vanishing as on the surf-beaten cliffs—silent all, and deformed with wounds. All eyes wept, but the eyes of the Seer alone, and his had too long been familiar with the hauntings of the spectral dead. The lights were extinguished in the hall—the Clan separated among the hills—to his cave by the sea-shore went the melancholy Seer—in agony the lady-mother bowed down her stately head—and she, the fair harper, who had sung a hymn of holy joy, pressed the crucifix to her bosom, and prayed for peace to her hero's soul.

At the first dawn of light, the seamews wheeled round and round the figure of the widowed virgin, sitting on a rock that stretched far into the howlings of the ocean. Plank after plank came successively floating on the flow of tide—and there is the body of a mariner! But these are not the raven locks of him she loved—although, doubtless, dear to eyes that will never see them more.

True as the words of Holy Writ had ever proved the revelations of the unhappy Seer, cursed, through a long solitary life, with the foreknowledge of the doom of all that lofty line. She looks not to the sea—in hope, but in despair—enough of comfort for her, if her hands be the first to wipe from his forehead the soiling sand. Lo! a lone wide-winged sea-bird hovering in the offing—and heedless in its happiness of its nest on the far-off isle! Its flight is towards the shore—and lo! it changes into a little vessel, careering in the sunshine under a press of snow-white sail.—And now the flag streams below the castle-cliff, and its wings are folded in the shelter of the land-locked bay. The lady is wafted—without will of her own—as on the uplifting of some spirit's power; and with feet scarcely touching the shells that glitter on the silvery sand, is standing, like an image cast up from the sea, among the wondering mariners. Not his the shrouded wraith that passed before the Seer, for the chieftain has clasped his betrothed to his bosom, and his own castle-cliffs rejoice in the light of deliverance!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Miscellanies.

THE TWO HANDED SWORD

OF the more modern Gael, was the *ingens gladius* of the Caledonians. This instrument was double-edged, and very ponderous. The blade was commonly

four feet in length, with a plain traverse hilt of iron, and such as but few moderns could wield with facility, for however short a time. Among barbarians whose victories were obtained by physical strength rather than by dexterity or discipline, the two-handed sword was a destructive instrument; but its inferiority to the shorter and more wieldy weapons of well-trained armies may be judged from the issue of every conflict down from the time of Galgacus to that of prince Charles Edward. This sword was the original weapon of Britain, as appears from the figure of a soldier found among the ruins of London, after the great conflagration in 1666, and preserved at Oxford. See *Monfaucon Antiq.* iv. 16, tab. x.—*Dr. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary.*

TO MOTHERS.

The painful operation of drawing milk from the breast in the absence of infantine action may be obviated by the following process:—Take a thick and heavy pint decanter, fill it with hot water; as soon as the glass becomes hot, pour off the water, and apply the mouth of the decanter as warm as it can be borne close to the nipple, exposing the body of the decanter to the atmosphere. As it cools, the air within becomes condensed, and the milk is extracted to fill up the vacuum with facility.

Cairo has 240 streets and lanes, 46 public squares, 11 bazars or covered streets, 400 mosques, 140 schools, 300 public cisterns, 1,265 public-houses, 1,166 coffee-houses, 65 public baths, but only one hospital, and that a very wretched one. In traversing the narrow crooked lanes, one must twist and turn and cling to the houses. Persons called Jais run before people of wealth and rank, and keep calling out on all sides, "Mind your feet; to the right! to the left!" Between 20 and 30,000 asses stand ready for hiring, which are trained to a smart pace.

LUMINOUS PLANTS.

Potatoes kept in a cellar in a growing state sometimes become so luminous, that we can read print by their light. The *dictamnus albus* (white dittany) spreads around it in dry summer evenings an atmosphere which, when a taper is brought to it, burns with a bright blue flame. Some plants give out a sparkling light, probably of the nature of electricity; such is the case with the flowers of calendula (marygold), tropæolum (Indian cress), lilium bulbiferum, and chalcedonicum (lilies), tagetes (French marygold), helianthus (sunflower), and polyanthus. Others give out a calm, steady light, of a blueish, greenish, or yellowish-white colour, such as dematium violaceum, *Pers.* schistostega osmundacea, W. and M., philolaca decandra, rhizomorpha pinnata, *Humb.* The luminous appearances in the galleries and shafts of mines are often to be traced to rhizomorphous plants. The milky juice of some plants is very luminous, and, when in a state of incipient decomposition, branches, trunks, and roots of trees become luminous.

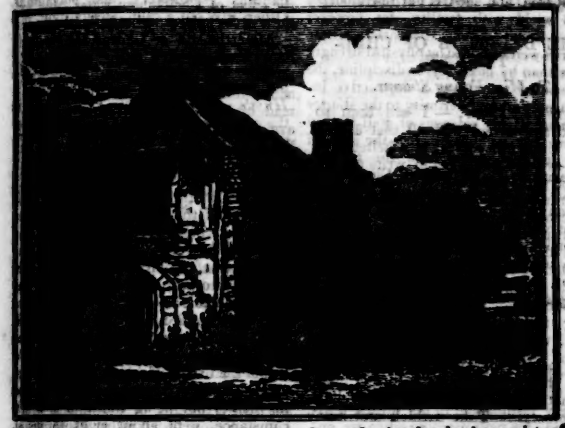
CANINE SAGACITY.

Mr. Nash, an eminent brewer in the town of Bedford, taught his dog (a large Newfoundland breed) to go every morning to the post-office, then held at the Swan Inn, for the newspaper. It happened one morning Mr. N. sent for the paper before the usual time of delivery, namely, eight o'clock. Poor Carlo (I believe was his name) not being aware of that circumstance, went about eight as usual, looked up for the paper, and wagged his tail, but would not retire, although frequently requested. In order to get rid of him, the young woman, whose place it was to attend to the letters, folded up the half of an old paper, and gave it the dog; this he would not take; and she was, in order to get him away, compelled to give him some other person's paper, with the envelope, which he very quietly took to his master. This I witnessed, or perhaps should have doubted it.

LUNAR IRIS, OR RAINBOW BY MOONLIGHT.

The *Iris Lunaris* is so seldom seen, that Dr. Plot asserts, in his history of Oxfordshire, that he knew several learned and eminent observers who never saw one in their lives, and that Aristotle noticed only two in the course of fifty years. Three years ago, an interesting Iris, of this description, which made its appearance nearly due north, was distinctly observed by several persons in the neighbourhood of Boston, about half-past eight o'clock in the evening. The bow in the heavens was every way complete; the curvature entire, though its span was very extensive; and the altitude of its apex seemed to be more than twenty degrees. With that blackness which the rain-fraught clouds had then assumed in the background, this white arch of beauty formed a striking contrast; whilst several stars in the constellation of the Bear, which were, for a time, conspicuous above, imparted additional grandeur to the scene.

Remains of King's Langley Priory.



King's Langley is a small irregular village in Hertfordshire, situate on the banks of the little river Bourne, and distant about three miles south-east of Hemel-Hempstead. Notwithstanding its present insignificance, it was formerly a place of royal residence, having been able to boast of a palace erected by Henry III. in which Edmund Langley, 5th son of Edward III., was born. Of this once magnificent structure, however, but few vestiges can now be traced; a farm-house, of no prepossessing aspect, occupying its site. In King's Langley, are the remains of a Dominican priory, (which the above engraving pleasingly represents,) founded in the beginning of the 13th century, and afterwards richly endowed, especially by the munificence of Edward I., who granted the manor of Langley to it. Its annual revenues, at the period of the dissolution, amounted to £150. 14s. 8d. The parish church is a neat building, and has a large embattled tower at its western extremity. It consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles, and contains many ancient monuments.

ENTERPRISING TRAVELLER.

About the year 1700, Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburgh, animated solely by literary curiosity, devoted himself and his fortune to its gratification. He went to China, to instruct himself in the language, and whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a mandarin in its difficult language; nor did the form of his Dutch face undeceive the physiognomists of China. He even succeeded to the dignity of a mandarin; he travelled through the provinces under this character, and was returning to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of thirty years, when a shipwreck overwhelmed the whole of his treasures in the ocean. It was one of the greatest losses, says Voltaire, the republic of letters ever suffered.

LOVE-PRESENTS.

By the civil law, says Monmouth, whatsoever is given *ex sponsalitia largitate* betwixt them that are promised, has a condition, (for the most part silent,) that it may be had again if marriage ensue not,—*si sponsus dederit* aliquid et aliquo casu impediantur nisi osculum intervenerit; but if he had a kiss for his money, he loseth one half of that which he gave. But with the woman it is otherwise; for, kissing or not kissing, whatsoever she gave she may ask and have again. This is but for gloves, rings, bracelets, and other small wares; and, in returning, a woman hath greater favour in greater gifts than a man hath. The following paragraph, from a magazine for the year 1766, will show, that still greater favour was shown to the lady:—"Thursday, a young woman, about twenty years of age, was summoned before the Court of Conscience by an elderly gentleman, for a debt of 10*s.* 3*d.*, being the value of a ring he had presented her with, in order to be married, which was given in favour of the young woman.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE DELIGHTS OF CHELTENHAM.

To Miss Fanny Stumps.

Dearest Fanny, — I ave been so flurried and urried with all that as appened since our arrival at Cheltenham, that I ave not add time to write to you, my dear girl, but I shall make up for it by a true and full account of events since our separation. We left Cheapside in a night-coach, as you know. Poor papa snored all the way, but ma was prevented from indulging in her usual snooze, by the odd ways of the gentleman who sat opposide to me, a very genteel andsome young man, and partickler polite to mama, who sat near him. He smoked seagars, till they brought tears in my eyes, which induced him to say some purty things about beauty in tears. He was very fashionable in his idears, I assure you, for next morning when we approached the town, he took leave of us, very much distressed at parting with us so soon, but declaring that he would not for the world be seen alighting from the stage-coach in Cheltenham, so that he would post it the remainder of the way. He was no sooner gone than ma, who is a queer body at times, fancied that she missed her purse, but I am confident she must have left it behind her; it would have greatly strengthened her suspicions against the unknown gentleman, had I mentioned that my gold-topped smelling bottle was gone also, but indeed I did not like to tell mamma of his catching hold of my and and ridicule in one of his sprees. No doubt he took it by way of a joke, and will return the token when we meet, which will be at the next grand ball, where the master of the ceremonies is to introduce him to me for a partner. Well, my dear, we stopped at the George, which only wants Blue Boar to be added to it, to be as splendid an otel as the George and Blue Boar in Holborn, though I cannot say that it is without its um*bugs* too (you know what I mean.) Pa engaged rooms for us, looking into the eye-street, which presents one of the finest sights in the world, for it is the fashion for every one to lounge up and down here all day long quite inoperatively, some on foot, others in wheel-chaises and flies, drawn by one or two men instead of orses. These supply the place of agony coaches, so that you run no danger in being put into the same vehicle in which Dr. Brookes has received company overnight. You will say, Fan, that I am grown very witty, but it is all the effect of Cheltenham water, that exilarates the spirits and expells ill umours.

After the din of Cheapside, Cheltenham is altogether a retired and romantic retreat. Oh! the delightful shady walks and umbrageous solitudes, like those you read of in novels, only that here they ave the advantage of being filled with fashionable people. We all wrote our names in a great ledger, or waste-book, kept for subscribers to the different walks and spas, and then we sauntered up and down free of the place. Pa, who is not a very ceremonious person, put some questions to a tall gentleman, who answered by informing us of the particulars and monstrosities of the season. It was quite agreeable to ear him, and do you know Fanny, he is a major in the Scotch army, as he acquainted papa, and that he was wonderfully taken with me. To give you an idear of his attentions—next morning at the pump-room he presented me with a tumbler of the waters, which I must confess tasted rather glaubrous at first, and at the same time he swallowed another, while the band struck up "Drink to me only," and the big-drums and bassoons rumbled most congeniously. I certainly felt rather queerish after the dose, but the major is such a delightful man, he kept me quite in a roar with his numerous anecdotes. He pointed in partickler to an old customer of ours, who was helping ma, and assured me that he was the very identical officer who bought into the 31st, to be near his brother who was in the 30th, at which I almost split my sides with laughter as you may believe—but immediately afterwards I was seized with a serious fit, and should have dropt, but for the kindness of the major, who whipt me up in his arms and clapt me down, quite senseless, into Lady Percy's machine or wheel-chair, and had me drawn as fast as possible to the George, where I arrived without any accident but the fright. Poor dear man! ow considerate, and still more to enance the obligation, I am told he has challenged Lord Percy for his improper interference. People say that he is a fire-eater, but I cannot believe that, as I ave seen him swallow nothing as yet but water and ice, which are quite opposite to anything of a combustious nature. I must break off, my dear girl, to dress for the promenade, but I cannot conclude without urging you to come down and drink for your health, depend upon it, you might soon lay aside your crutch altogether, and you would meet with every attention from the finest looking men imaginable, who es-

tem our sex for far more solid endowments than personal charms. Would you believe it, the fashionable rash in my face has almost vanished, and I look as fresh and delicate as a baby. I have no further use for Rowland's Kalydor, though but a week upon the water-course. The complaint in my eyes is scarcely perceptible; I told the major of Miss Goggle's malice in calling it a squint, and he declared there was not the smallest vestige of such a thing, but only a slight and fascinating cast of vision. What do you imagine he says, in his own unaffected dialeck, of my tint, which that envious creature would have to be carrotty? He says, "it appears as burnt, and puts his cart in a flame to look at it." You always said it was auburn, but the waters have already deepened it in my opinion to a nut-brown; of so much virtue are they to health, beauty, and complexion. Mamma now takes her cordial diluted with genuine spa-water, and thinks she need not have given it up but for the unpleasomeness of the London water. She talks of making tea with the Cheltenham water. I am in haste. Ever, my dear Fanny, your loving friend,

BRIDGET OOZELEY.

London Magazine.

SONNET.—RUINS BY MOONLIGHT.

Few scenes can move the meditative powers
To tranquil thoughts and contemplation deep
Like this; whilst wandering midst unwieldy towers,
O'er which the ivy's struggling fibres creep,
And shapeless mounds of earth, the ruined keep,
Or lordly hall, where once the fleeting hours
In pastime fled and mirth, banishing sleep;
Where splendour blazed and music breath'd, now gloom
And silence reign; the melancholy light
Of the pale moon, that seems to mourn the sight
Of grandeur thus becoming its own tomb,
Softens and saddens all.—My footsteps fright,
Amidst the deathlike calm, my startled ear;
I stand transfixed with awe and solemn fear.

Asiatic Journal.

POLISHED SOCIETY.

THE great characteristic of such a state of society is an excessive intolerance of every thing that does not harmonize with the prescribed canons of etiquette and decorum; or notably exceeds the average rate of spirits or understanding which every one is supposed capable of reaching. Every exuberance of humour or gaiety is therefore instantaneously repressed, by the fear of transgressing these bounds, and becoming the object of ridicule, or the pains of mortification. Wit is cramped, satire is moderated, the pruriency of imagination restrained, and every thing flattened down to a smooth surface of *bienseance*, till society, according to Sterne's simile, "comes to resemble nothing so much as worn-out coin, uniformly shining and polished, but without legend or superscription, or any prominency to hurt or distinguish."—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

[WE have recently read, with much pleasure, a very clever work from the pen of Mr. Charles Hayter. It is a "New Practical Treatise on the Three Primitive Colours, assumed as a Perfect System of Rudimental Information;" which to the artist is a desideratum. We regret our limits allow of only the following extract.—ED.]

ON COLOUR.

ALL that can convey the evidence of colour to the sight, is producible by three materials, which are most properly termed the three primitive colours: they are—*yellow, red,* and *blue.*

This absolute triumvirate, appointed by the Supreme Power of Light, extends its dominions throughout the utmost boundaries of visible matter, each separately governing its own integral province with positive ascendancy, while each to each communicate their influence in perfect concord and harmony, filling their whole region with a succession of beautiful variety conformable to the varying dictates of *light.* Indefinite as this general description of colours may seem, enough of their constitutions will be shewn to enable the student to obtain a practical acquaintance with their fundamental laws, as preliminaries to a knowledge of their powers, coincident with the scientific conclusions of the most learned investigators on the subject of transient colours; which, although irrelevant to my declared proposition in *this stage* of the work, must be considered as the final aim of it; for the sole use of the knowledge of mixing and forming colours, must be to enable the artist to imitate the transient (or apparent) colours of matter, as well as local, or he will find it but a dormant acquisition; therefore the greater the genius, the more indispensably necessary it is that he should add to his knowledge of permanent colours, all that has been discovered of transient from the works of Sir I. Newton, Dr. Young, &c.

PERMANENT COLOURS.

In treating on the three materials which are to be used as the Three Primitive Colours, the most perfect of each is to be understood, both as to colour as well as quality; but as *colour only* is my present theme, I leave the other desirable qualities of the material unnoticed, and in my exemplifications shall confine myself to the use of but three:—*Yellow-Gamboge*, *Red-Lake*, and *Prussian-Blue*, for the sake of consistency, to prove the certainty of the system under the following

AXIOMS.

First—That yellow, red, and blue, are entire colours of themselves, and cannot be produced by the mixture of any other colours.

Secondly—Yellow, red, and blue, contain the sole properties of producing all other colours whatsoever, as to colour, by mixtures arising entirely among themselves, without the aid of a fourth.

Thirdly—Because, by mixing proper portions of the Three Primitives together, *black* is obtained, providing for every possible degree of shadow.

Fourthly—And every practical degree of *light* is obtained by diluting any of the colours, as above producible; or in oil-painting, by the mixture of white paint.

Fifthly—All transient or prismatic effects can be imitated with the Three Primitive Colours, as permanently considered, but only in the same degree of comparison as white bears to *light*.

Sixthly—There are no other materials, in which colour is found, that are possessed of any of the foregoing perfections.

These Axioms form the basis of the following explanations, establishing a simple, clear, and permanent system, according to the nature and powers of the materials.

Inasmuch as a gamut is not any distinct tune of itself, so a chromatic scale of colours is not any distinguishable picture; yet so perfectly do each develope that systematical order by which nature has determined harmony, that, without them, Painting with regard to colours, as well as Music with regard to sounds, would remain to all, as they still do to all those who are unacquainted with them.

THE NIGER.

The Niger certainly cannot be the immense stream long supposed to drain the entire breadth of the African continent. The plain truth is, we doubt if there can very strictly be said to be such a river as the Niger. This celebrated name, which, with its cognate term of the *Neel Aheede*, signifies, *the Nile or river of the black nations*, is evidently imposed by a foreign people, who are the North Africans, and who have communicated it to Europe; and an attentive observation will now make it evident, that they have applied it less to any individual river, than to an ideal compound of all those which flow along the central plain of interior Africa. To understand this error, we must take a glance at the physical structure of this part of the continent. From the frontier of Abyssina, to the heads of the Senegal and Gambia, it is now ascertained to be crossed by a chain of mountains nearly, if not altogether, continuous. From this chain, several great rivers descend into the plain of Soudan; where finding, it appears, a level lower than that of the desert, they turn from their northerly course, and begin to flow either east or west. It is also material to observe, that the great commercial lines of Africa are not *along* these rivers, but *across* them, at right angles. A caravan coming from northern Africa therefore had only to pass one stream, or perhaps follow its course for a short interval. They had no means of tracing the continuous course of any one; but to whatever part of this great plain they came, a river was found running in the same line, between the east and the west; and the idea might naturally arise, that this river was always one and the same. The direction of the stream is a point which easily escapes superficial observers; and nothing is more common than descriptions, in which the line of course is alone considered, and the river is described as running in the reverse of its real direction.—*Edinburgh Review.*

POETRY.

In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and

splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fire, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotions. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seems to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not

wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which makes civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new developement of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—*Dr. Channing's Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton.*

CHARACTERS OF MILTON AND JOHNSON.

Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth;" whilst Milton's was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary in the day of Johnson's glory to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming never entered his mind but either to disturb or provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by an enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his works which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe, or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton? The comparison which we have instituted has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects; but we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life and his references to his own history, command our willing admiration. That he wanted enthusiasm, and creative imagination, and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only, that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously-strong prejudices, and of all his Lives, we hold that of Milton to be the most apocryphal.—*Ibid.*

SNAKES OF DEMERARA.

Snakes are frequently met with in the woods betwixt the sea-coast and the rock lake, chiefly near the creeks and on the banks of the river. They are large, beautiful, and formidable. The rattlesnake seems partial to a tract of ground known by the name of Canal, No. 3; there the effects of his poison will be long remembered.

The camondi has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; though not venomous, his size renders him destructive to the passing animals. The Spaniards in the Orenoque positively affirm that he grows to the length of seventy or eighty feet, and that he will destroy the strongest and largest bull. His name seems to confirm this; there he is called "matatoro," which literally means "bull killer." Thus he may be ranked amongst the deadly snakes; for it comes nearly to the same thing in the end, whether the victim dies by poison from the fangs which corrupts his blood and makes it stink horribly, or whether his body be crushed to mummy, and swallowed by this hideous beast.

The whipsnake, of a beautiful changing green, and the coral, with alternate broad transverse bars of black and red, glides from bush to bush, and may be handled with safety; they are harmless little creatures.

The labarri snake is speckled, of a dirty brown colour, and can scarcely be distinguished from the ground or stump on which he is coiled up; he grows to the length of about eight feet, and his bite often proves fatal in a few minutes.

Unrivalled in his display of every lovely colour of the rainbow, and unmatched in the effects of his deadly poison, the counacouchi glides undaunted on, sole monarch of these forests; he is commonly known by the name of the bush-master. Both man and beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path. He sometimes grows to the length of fourteen feet.

A few small caimen, from two to twelve feet long, may be observed now and then in passing up and down the river; they just keep their heads above water, and a stranger would not know them from a rotten stump.

Snakes in these wilds are certainly an annoyance, though, perhaps, more in imagination than reality, for you must recollect that the serpent is never the first to offend; his poisonous fang was not given him for conquest; he never inflicts a wound with it but to defend existence. Provided you walk cautiously, and do not absolutely touch him, you may pass in safety close by him. As he is often coiled up on the ground, and amongst the branches of the trees above you, a degree of circumspection is necessary, lest you unwarily disturb him. One morning I had been following a new species of paroquet, and the day being rainy, I had taken an umbrella to keep the gun dry, and had left it under a tree; whilst searching about for it I observed a young soulacanara, ten feet long, moving slowly onwards in a path where timber had formerly been dragged along; I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right I took off my hat and held it as you would hold a shield for defence. The snake instantly turned and came on at me with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself, I had seized his throat with both hands in such a position that he could not bite me; I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wootton.*

LOVE OF MUSIC.

The passion of De Luc, the natural philosopher, for music was so predominant in his latter days, that a piano was placed by his bed-side, on which his daughter played great part of the day. The evening of his death, seeing her father ready to sink into a slumber, she asked him, "Shall I play any more?"—"Keep playing," said he, "keep playing!" He slept, but awoke no more.

THE POST-BOY.

Dr. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bonfoy, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short *post* fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said hastily, "Get out of my way, boy!" "That boy, sir," said the doctor very drily, "is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for any body."

EPIGRAM.

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the bible well bound,
Not as printed by Baskett, and bound up in black,
But chain'd to the door like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with ton and your quality airs,
I supposed it intended for family pray'rs.
His piety pleas'd—I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought no one would venture the bible to steal;
But judge my surprise when informed of the case—
He had chain'd it for fear it *should fly in his face.*

Lord Chesterfield (says lord Orford) thus directed a letter to the late lord Pembroke, who was always swimming:—"To the earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against Whitehall." This direction was sure of finding him within a certain number of fathoms.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The effect of absence of mind is well exemplified in an incident which happened some time since to a well-known gentleman of Magdalen college, Cambridge. He had taken his *watch* from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend, entering his room, found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the *egg* in his hand, upon which he was looking intently, and the *watch* supplying its place in the saucepan of boiling water.

A RARE MATHEMATICAL WIND.

The late professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's college, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this."—"Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind.*"—"Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other, "how so?"—"Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots!*"

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

An honest Moorlander, who procured his livelihood by repairing mill-work, was unfortunately very deaf, and conscious of the mistakes he made in answering questions, the tendency of which he did not understand, was entertaining himself one morning while at work on a Common by the road-side, with supposing what would be the conversation should a gentleman accost him, and determining to give him answers in the following way:—Why, the first thing he'd say would be, "What are you making, honest friend?" "A wind-mill stock, your honour!"—"How far does it go into the ground?"—"Up to the knot, your honour," says I.—"What do you get for making it?" says he.—"Half-a-guinea," says I.—"That's too much," says he.—"If you wona give it," says I, "there's plenty that will." He had just finished his soliloquy, when a traveller, who was crossing the Common, inquired his road to the next village, and received for answer, "A mill-stock, your honour." Astonished, he repeated his question, adding, "How far is it, honest friend?"—"Up to the knot, your honour." Again the traveller repeated with additional energy, and lost all patience upon the countryman calmly replying, "Half-a-guinea, your honour." "You scoundrel," cries the gentleman, "I have a great mind to give you a horse-whipping!"—"If you wona give it me," says the man, "there are plenty who will!" The gentleman alighted, and putting his threat into execution, spoiled the poor fellow's catechism, and convinced the astonished clown he had once more been mistaken.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We owe our best thanks to our friend *C. E. K.* for his last drawing, which has been forwarded to our engraver. His former sketch, we fear, is irrecoverably lost; but if he will oblige us with another drawing of it, it shall be engraved without delay.—*We have at length ascertained, that various drawings forwarded to us by correspondents have been either lost or mislaid, and our friends would greatly serve us by immediately sending us notice of such communications as have not met with attention.*

The sketch of the picturesque object near Andover has been received, and shall be engraved.

B.'s argument is inconclusive.

Some of *J. H.'s* jokes shall appear. We should like to be better acquainted with our jocose friend.

We differ with *Pluto* as to the music of the ballad he has sent us. In fact, we deem it execrable.

Mr. Burden's last communication is intended for insertion.

The following have been received:—*C. W. N.; P. T. W.; J.; Benvolio; C. F. E.*, and *Malvina*, with thanks for her pleasing drawing.

Further answers in our next.

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